

CANZON 29.



Ow many golden days ! have I set free From
tedious travail in a sadder Muse, While I,
of amours have conferred with thee ! While
I, long absence never need excuse i

Sweet was Occasion ' and for sweet
inexplicable, That eyes' invited guests unto
thine eyes' fare ; When, by thy dainty leave,
on coral table I fed ! O there, I sucked
celestial air !

Amidst these sug'ry junkets thirsty, I Have
thy delicious hand, with my lips pressed ! I
drew for wine, but found 'twas Ambrosie : O
how my spirits inly that refreshed !

Yet, ay me ! since I relished this delight ;
I e'er more thirsted with a hotter appetite !

CANZON 30*



|HAT! Shall I ne'er more see those Halcion
days I Those sunny Sabbaths ! Days of Jubilee !
Wherein I carrolled merry Roundelays, Odes,
and Love Songs ? which, being viewed by thee,
Received allowance worthy better writ! When
we, on Shepherds' Holy Days have hied Down
to the flow'ry pastures (flowers, for thy treading
fit!) Holy the day, when thou it sanctified!
When thou, ZEPHERIA, wouldst but deign to
bless it, How have I, jealous over PHCEBUS'
rays, Clouded thy Fair ! Then, fearing he
would guess it By thy white brow, it have I
cinct' with bays! But, woe is me! that I
have fenced thy beauty ' Sith other must
enjoy it, and not I.